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*MR. SYDNEY SMIRKE has privately printed a letter to Sir C. L. Eastlake, in which he makes a proposal, as the *Athenæum* says, that all catalogues of picture exhibitions should contain a neutral colored page, and one of bright red—the one to sober the eye in passing from a light-toned picture to a low-toned; the other to prepare the eye for distinguishing the greens of a modern landscape; and both to prevent the injurious action of pictures on one another. The proposal is founded on an acknowledged optical law, that “the impression produced by a color upon the eye, does not cease immediately after the eye is removed from the color.”

STUDIES AMONG THE LEAVES.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.*

Mr. Brown takes up this book, and opening perhaps at page 209, reads:

“CHARLES CHURCHILL,
1741-1764.
The Rosciad. Line 322:

He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone.”

“Ugh,” says Mr. Brown; “that’s familiar, is it? Who ever heard of that? See! here’s Thomson, and he hasn’t got a citation, which I make every day of my life: ‘I care not, Fortune, what you may deny;’ &c. &c. A nice book, this!” The only collection that could possibly suit Mr. Brown, would be one of his own compiling.

We haven’t Mr. Brown’s character, and are thankful to have the work done by another hand, and can conceive the difficulties that must attend its progress, when the Editor is compelled to decide between personal favoritism and actual frequency of citation, for the former is very apt to confound the latter. It would be comparatively an easy thing to make a book of Quotations, such as were worthy of being quoted, but to form a compilation of such phrases and passages as are in daily occurrence, requires a faithful memory, and a large intercourse with men and books, and of all descriptions of each. Mr. Bartlett found an assistant for his labors in a gentleman of culture and acquirements; and taking as a basis a “Hand-book of Quotations,” published within a year or two by Murray, they have produced a volume whose object—as they say in their preface—is “to show, to some extent, the obligations our language owes to various authors, for numerous phrases and familiar quotations, which have become ‘household words,’ and ‘to restore to the temples of Poetry, the many beautiful fragments, which have been stolen from them, and built into the heavy walls of prose.’”

It is a pretty good proof of the efficacy of a system of Mnemonics, that turns every memorable thing into verse, to find that there are scarcely half-a-dozen pages of this collection devoted to quotations from prose, if we except the Bible. From such a book, so universally read as the “Pilgrim’s Progress,” for instance, we have but a single phrase—that of “The Slough

of Despond.” Tom Paine affords us, in his “Age of Reason,” the passage, which was probably the original of Napoleon’s celebrated *mot*, “there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous;” but in the two other passages given from his writings, it is curious to observe that they are so nearly allied to verse, as to have a rhythmic beat, as for example in speaking of Mr. Burke, he writes: “As he rose like a rocket, he fell like the stick;” and in the other instance, from No. 1 of “The Crisis:” “These are the times that try men’s souls.” Macaulay is above represented by a passage from a review; Sir James Macintosh only originated the phrase, of “A wise and masterly inactivity;” Burke affords nothing more compact for a quotation, than his description of the Dauphiness; Laurence Sterne gives us but one or two, beside “great wits jump;” and “God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb;” while he seems to have owed the last to an old collection of French proverbs published before 1600, or perhaps he went no further back than George Herbert. Lord Bolingbroke brought forward nothing more quotable than that “History is philosophy teaching by example.” Francis Bacon and Thomas Fuller, as pithy as they were, only make up a contribution of about a page jointly; and all the wit of Sheridan’s speeches is laid by, with the exception of a single passage in his reply to Mr. Dundas, in which he says: “The Right Hon. Gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts.” The genial Elia doesn’t give a single example; Johnson, with all his prose and conversation, barely offers us the introductory passage of Rasselas, and one or two of his dicta, such as “a good hater,” and “Hell is paved with good intentions;” and Washington Irving only finds a place for the well-known phrase of “Almighty Dollar.”

The book opens with some twenty-five pages of Scriptural citations; then the succeeding sixty-five pages are devoted to Shakspeare; and we believe there is not one of his plays which does not offer at least one quotation. “Hamlet,” as might be anticipated, is the most largely quoted, twelve pages being devoted to that play, and then we have “Macbeth,” nine; “Othello,” five; “Julius Cæsar,” four and a-half; “As you Like it,” four; “Merchant of Venice” and “Romeo and Juliet,” three each; “Twelfth Night,” “Henry IV.” (1st part), “Much Ado about Nothing,” “Richard III.,” and “Lear,” two each. In looking through this portion of the book, we have been again reminded how much an every-day talk owes to the great Shakspeare in the way of phrases that everybody has heard of and uses; not only as illustrations, but as adages. Thus:

“Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.”

“To make a virtue of necessity.”

“In single blessedness.”

“The course of true love never did run smooth.”

“The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.”

“It is a wise father that knows his own child.”

“All that glitters is not gold.”

“How the world wags.”

“Come what may.”

“The milk of human kindness.”

“Even-handed justice.”

“Screw your courage to the sticking-place.”

“Life’s a jiffy lever.”

“Make assurance doubly sure.”

“The sear, the yellow leaf.”

“The cry is still, *They come*.”

“A twice-told tale.”

“Give the devil his due.”

“I know a trick worth two of that.”

“The better part of valor is—discretion.”

“Eaten out of house and home.”

“They wish was father to that thought.”

“Familiar in their mouths as household words.”

“A golden sorrow.”

“To dance attendance.”

“It was Greek to me.”

“Though last, not least.”

“The most unkindest cut of all.”

“It beggared all description.”

“As true as steel.”

“In my mind’s eye.”

“Brevity is the soul of wit.”

“The observed of all observers.”

“A divinity that shapes our ends:”

&c., &c., &c.

In the list of other authors quoted, we find some one hundred and eighty names. Twenty pages are occupied by Milton; fifteen by Pope; thirteen by Wordsworth; twelve by Byron; Butler, Dryden, Young, Cowper, Goldsmith, and Coleridge some six each; Johnson, Gray, Burns and Scott, four; Campbell, Hood and Tennyson, three; Keats and Moore have scarcely two; Rogers but little over one; and Lamb and Southey hardly half a page each. Bulwer has only a couplet from Richelieu:

“Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword.”

Of the American authors, Longfellow has the most given, some two pages; Bryant has nearly the same; Holmes has a page, and Emerson, Halleck, Sprague and Hosmer, half a one each. We should say, Butler, Pope and Young, with perhaps Gray, are the most commonly quoted. Peter Pindar has only a single couplet, and Mac Fingal two, which are not unusually attributed to Hudibras, viz.:

“But optics sharp, it needs, I ween
To see what is not to be seen.”

“No man e’er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law.”

Of Poems, “Paradise Lost” is, of course, the most quoted, having ten pages devoted to it (“Hamlet” alone exceeding it). Young’s “Night Thoughts” and “Childe Harold,” have between four and five each. We suspect the “Essay on Man,” four pages; Gray’s “Elegy,” two pages; and Wordsworth’s “Tintern Abbey,” one page, are the most ordinarily known by citations of any poems of proportionate length. Cowper’s “Task” has three pages; Wordsworth’s “Excursion,” two; and Tennyson’s “Locksley Hall,” and “The Ancient Mariner,” one each. The “Pleasures of Hope” has considerably over a page; while “The Pleasures of Memory” does not afford a single line. The play most quoted after Shakspeare’s is Addison’s “Cato.”

Although, as is shown, by far the greater

*A Collection of Familiar Quotations, with complete indices of Authors and Subjects. New Edition. Cambridge: John Bartlett, 1856. 12mo. 500 pp.

portion of the quotations are in the shape of poetry, the true poetic element forms the staple, we believe, of but a very small proportion, and the most remarkable are those which convey some moral, and embody some truth or feelings, which are of general occurrence.

There are some preserved on the tongues of men, because of their wit or epigrammatic points, as, for example, the Earl of Rochester's lines on Charles II. (written on his bedchamber door):

"Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one."

Or Pope's—

"And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine."

Or Coleridge's epigram on the city of Cologne.

Again, some peculiarity as of rhyme will answer the same purpose, as in Byron's celebrated couplet:

"But oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not hen-pecked you all!"

Such a writer as Moore makes but a small show in a collection like this, not because his verses are not in every body's mouth, but because they are so intimately connected with music, that the mind runs on, and cannot separate any portion from the whole. It is much the same with Burns, and all song-writers. Thus we find in the volume many first stanzas of songs given, and they may be of use in enabling us to verify the authenticity of such; but they are hardly of that quotable nature, that we can use them in place of our own words, or as Burns says, in one of his letters to Clarinda, "give one's ideas so pat, and save the trouble of finding expression adequate to one's feelings." Of this class are—Ben Jonson's "Drink to me only," &c.; Thomas Carew's "He that loves a rosy cheek;" Sir John Suckling's "Prithce, why so pale?" "O'er the hills and far away," from the Beggar's Opera; Watts' "How does the busy Bee," and "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;" Burn's "Auld lang Syne;" his "Had we never loved sae kindly;" "Hail Columbia;" "The Star spangled Banner;" Payne's "Sweet Home;" Moore's "The World is all a fleeting Show;" and "Oft in the Stilly Night;" Woodworth's "Old oaken Bucket;" and many others.

Again, it is somewhat curious to see in what a degree we are accustomed to express our admiration of one poet in the terms that a fellow-bard has commemorated him. Thus Spenser affords us on the theme of his predecessor—

"Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled."

Ben Jonson told us how to style Shakespeare,
"The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
Sweet Swan of Avon!"

So to Milton we owe—

"Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warbling his native wood notes wild."

Dryden told us how to express his supremacy in the prologue to "The Tempest"—

"Within that circle none durst walk but he."

When we think of Bolingbroke, first comes up Pope's address to him—

"Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend."

And Johnson supplied us with many of our pet expletives of Shakespeare in his Prologue on the opening of Drury Lane Theatre. Collins wrote nothing more feelingly for us, than that ode on the death of Thomson—

"In yonder grave a Druid lies."

We apply at once to Chatterton, Wordsworth's lines, "The marvellous boy," &c.; nor do we fail to remember that the bard of Rydal said of "The Complete Angler,"

"Meek Walton's heavenly memory."

And we are inclined to think that the name of the Bristol poet will never be unassociated with the connection in which Pym has placed him—

"Amos Cottle! Phœbus, what a name!"

The oldest author who is quoted in the Collection is Thomas Tusser (1523-1580), from whom it appears we are indebted for some well-known phrases, viz.:

"It is an ill wind turns none to good."

"Christmas comes but once a year."

"Tis merry in hall when beards wag all."

"Look ere you leap."

Perhaps the most familiar phraseology of this last one, is as Butler gives it in "Hudibras":

"And look before you ere you leap."

We find that many of the most common citations may be referred to more than one author, the earlier one affording the idea, while the usual form of it is in the words of a later one. Thus—

"And when he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of mind."—THOMAS A KEMPIS (1350-1471).

"And out of mind as soon as out of sight."—LORD BROOKE (1554-1624).

Now, that it has passed into an adage, the ordinary pithy wording of it is that of the italicized parts. Again,

"Of two evils the less is always to be chosen."

—A KEMPIS.

"Of two evils I have chose the least."—Prior's *Imitation of Horace*.

Instances might be multiplied, but we must stop here. We think the book a very acceptable addition to those few that we keep constantly standing on our library table.

A NEW ENGLISH POET.

THESE are poems of the youth and early manhood of their author, who is "satisfied with its being a genuine poetic result, however small a one, of his experience thus far." He promises in his Preface to do something better hereafter, which the traces of the improvements he shows in the later poems of the present volume, inclines us to believe he may do. The chief poem of the book, "A Narrative Composition," of some sixty pages, shows unmistakable signs that it is a newer production than the others, both in the feeling, thought, and style. We find

fewer instances in it of words chosen almost wholly because of the rhyme, as here—

"Those eyes, for ever drooping, *glaze*
The long, brown lashes rarely;
But violets in their shadows live."

"Lifts," or some such word would only convey the sense probably intended. Here, again,

"In a dirty old house lived a dirty old man,
Soap, towel, or brushes were not in his plan."

The rhyme is completed here certainly, by a word not very happily selected, except for the chime. Likewise there are instances of the omission of little words, by reason of a too scrupulous regard for the beat which cripples an expression into awkwardness, in a manner that young meterists are frequently found to do. Thus—

"And sit with her on [the] hedgerow grass."

"From [the] forge's open ruddy shutter came."

We have now and then, however, some choice bits of melody, as in the opening of "The Fairies," a nursery song.

"Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushing glen,
We daren't go a hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!"

Yet, take the next verse, and we stumble once or twice:

"Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their *scotch-dogs*,
All night awake."

"Pancakes" savors too much of the kitchen for the scene; "tide" claims of itself too much stress for the meter, and "warders" would have expressed the idea without exciting a ludicrous comparison. There are occasionally inelegancies, or even vulgarisms, as—

"O, here's the stile *tn-under* the tree."

"Real" is, according to the Dictionary, a word of two syllables, yet, like *foster*, *higher*, and words of similar character, the poet of the nicest susceptibilities of ear will always consider the second as absorbed in the prolongation of the first syllable. Take this—

"How *real* is our jail!"

The ear more readily makes two feet of this, an iambic and an anapest, than a line of three iambs, which is the metre that the piece requires.

There are one or two instances of imitative sounds, which are well done. Take this emulation of the flight of the lark—

"Air, air! blue air and white!
Whither I flee! whither, O whither, O whither I flee!
(Thus the lark hurried, mounting from the lea.)
Hills, countries, many waters glittering-bright,
Whither I see! whither I see! Deeper, deeper, deeper!
Whither I see, see, see!"

* (*The Music-master, a Love Story; and two Series of Day and Night Songs.* BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. With woodcuts, after designs by HUGHES, D. G. ROBERTS, and MILLAR. London and New York: Routledge & Co., 1855. Post 8vo. 220 pp.)

Again, we have an apt illustration here:

"The quail's *toot-toot-toot*, like a hopping pebble
Thrown along ice!"

Our next citation has a very happy epithet, although no dictionary word:

"And save the rillet in its cup of stone,
That *gopping* falls."
"Globed in mellow splendor."

is a good line, applied to the moon. Another,
"When sunset *sainted* the Western hill."

is a good substitute for the rather hackneyed
halfed, beside having a more poetic meaning.
Touches of fancy do not abound in the volume,
for the author delineates rather feelings and
sensations; yet we find a few. Speaking of
ghosts:

"Born in the moonlight of the lane;
And quenched in the heavy shadow again."
"On a moving bridge they made
Across the mountain stream, from shade to shade."

There is something justly in keeping with its
place in an Irish ballad, in this couplet:

"When life stood up for dancing, her steps were so
clean and so light,
The music *never* killed itself to listen to her
feet."

In a little piece, called "The way-side well,"
he has a charming stanza, in which the meet-
ing of lovers at the spot is delicately hinted at,
without being absolutely told:

"When a hedge brings her path
Down the twilight meadow,
Tender falls the whispered tale,
Soft the double shadow!"

There's an exquisite piece of Art in that.

Again, we have a comparison that just hits
the effect of the morning sun striking the sea
obliquely:

"The sea lies fresh with open eyes,
Night stars, and morning dawns,
Brooding like clouds on better skies,
Have sunk below, and beams
Dance on the floor like golden flies."

Excepting a clumsiness, arising from compression
in the first line, we have in the following
a happy simile:

"Like *Earth's own heart* to *atom pots* decreased."

His fancy, however, is not always of the
graceful and subtle kind, and deteriorates into
crooked conceits upon occasions, as when he
speaks of a funeral procession:

"The long line closes up like some
Gigantic worm."

Or take this, from "Lovely Mary Donnelly,"
an Irish song:

"Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows
lifted up;
Her chin is very neat and pert; and smooth like a child's
cheek."

This is too ludicrous, and if intended to be
such, wants company in the piece it stands in.
As regards the tone of feeling betrayed by the
author, there is little objectionable; and if he
does not startle us into complacency, he finds us
no wronged dissenter.

"In heavenly sunlight live no shades of fear;
To feel there, busy or at rest, hath peace;
And when the day is over, the rainbow's end is there."

"Earth's common pleasures, *near the ground, like
grass*,
Are best of all; nor die although they fade;
Dear, simple household joys, that straightway pass
The precinct of devotion undimmed."

His address to the Wild-rose is something that
is too prettily turned to be forgotten:

"Wild rose! delicately flushing
All the border of the dale—
*Art thou like a pale cheek, blushing,
Or a red cheek, turning pale?*
Is it sorrow? Is it gladness?
Lover's hope or lover's fears?
Or a most delicious sadness,
Mingled up of smiles and tears?
Come!—no silky leader-shaken
To a breast as pure and fair;
Come! and thoughts more tender waken
Than thy fragrant spirit there!"

There is also a consonance of thought and season
in a sonnet

ON A FORENOON OF SPRING.

"I'm glad I am alive, to see and feel,
The full deliciousness of this bright day,
That's like a heart with nothing to conceal;
The young leaves scarcely trembling; the blue-grey
Rimming the cloudless ether far away;
Braids, hedges, shadows; mountains that reveal
Soft sapphire; this great floor of polished steel
Spread out amidst the landmarks of the bay.
I stoop in sunshine to our circling net
From the bank gulf; tend these milky kine
Up their rough path; sit by yon cottage door
Plying the diligent thread; take wing and soar—
Oh! hark, how with the season's laureate
Joy culminates in song! If such a song were mine!"

We have marked one or two passages to show
something of his observant eye, and his atten-
tion to Nature:

"Outside, the old plaster, all spatter and stain,
Lodged spotty in sunshine, and streaky in rain!"

"An afternoon in April, no sun appears on high,
But a moist and yellow lustre fills the deepness of
the sky."

"The gay, translucent morning
Lies glittering on the sea,
The moonday sprinkles shadows
Athwart the daisied lea;
The round sun's slinking scarlet rim
In vapor hideth he,
The darkling hours are cool and dim,
As vernal night should be."

An evening in frost-time:

"While yesterday sank, full soon, to rest,
What a glorious sky!—through the level west
*Pink clouds in a delicate greenish haze,
Which deepened up into purple greys,*
With stars aloft as the light decreased,
Till the great moon rose in the rich blue east."

As an instance of his portrayal of character,
we select his heroine of the Love tale:

"White like—Milly—darling little girl!
I think I see as once I saw her stand;
Her soft hair waving in a single curl
Behind her ear; a kid licking her hand;
Her fair young face with health and racing warm
And loose frock blown about her slender form."
"Her mind was open, as a flowery cup
That gathers richness from the sun and dew,
To knowledge, and as easily drew up
The wholesome sap of life, unwatched it grew,
A lonely blossom in a shady place;
And like her mind, so was her innocent face."

We have tried to do justice to our bard
by giving some of his most promising features a
prominence by quotation, and in closing the
volume, we feel that a second will enable us to

speak in terms of more general commendation.
One who writes so subjectively should bear
in mind that the emotions of his own being need
something more than the half-hidden hints,
which suffice for the objective, to give them an
unmistakable utterance.

The reader will find some very good designs
in the volume, by no mean artists, either, which
we rather suspect, in some instances, the in-
strument of the wood-engraver has sadly mis-
used. Millais has, however, in one of them,
given in an exquisite way the effects of a fire-
side story, on a group of children with their
nurses, and he has lost little by the medium.

GRACE GREENWOOD.*—The chief tale occu-
pies more than one half the volume, mostly
dealing with Indian and soldier life in the vicin-
ity of Fort Stanwix, in the Revolutionary
years. The scene, afterwards, is shifted to
France and England, in the days of the French
Revolution.

Four shorter tales make up the book, two of
which are also founded upon incidents of the
American Revolution; the last, the Child-Seer,
being a tragical episode in the bloody history of
Cherry Valley. The tales are all clearly told,
and in a style commensurate with their sub-
jects. The volume is dedicated to a dear friend
over the sea—Mary Howitt.

FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL.—This new at-
tempt to establish an illustrated American
newspaper has already reached the 14th num-
ber. We saw it this week for the first time,
having chanced upon it in a news-office. It is
a close imitation of the *Illustrated London
Times*, an arrangement that seems to point at
a rivalry with that splendid journal. The illus-
trations of the first numbers were very credit-
ably drawn and engraved, and the subjects judi-
ciously chosen. But, we begin to see what—
with our knowledge of our country's resources—
we are afraid, is inevitable, a want of excel-
lence in the pictorial department. Many of the
illustrations lately, have been carelessly drawn
and engraved, and devoid of timely interest.
We are not unaware of the difficulties attendant
upon such an enterprise. They cannot be suc-
cessfully met, without an earnest determination
to do all that can be done with the limited
means at the command of the publishers. Above
all, it should be the aim of the conductors
of such a journal to make the illustrations as
authentic as the text—a merit which is far from
being reached even by the great London com-
petitor.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A Journey on the Sea-board Slave-States, by
Frederick Law Olmsted. Dix and Edwards,
New York. pp. 723.

The Bush Boys, by Capt. Mayne Reed.—
Ticknor and Fields, Boston. 12 illustrations.
pp. 356.

Forest Tragedy, and other Tales, by Grace
Greenwood. Ticknor and Fields, Boston. pp.
343.

The Angel in the House. Ticknor and Fields,
Boston. pp. 201.

The Panorama, and other Poems, by John
G. Whittier. Ticknor and Fields, Boston.
Poems of Home and Travel, by Bayard Tay-
lor. Ticknor and Fields, Boston.

Claucus, by Charles Kingsley. Ticknor and
Fields, Boston.

Wolfsden, Phillips, Samson & Co., Boston.

* *A Forest Tragedy, and Other Tales*. By GRACE
GREENWOOD. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1856, 343 pp.